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SEYMOUR DURST

t' Fort nieuw Amsterdam op de Manhatans



FORT NEW AMSTERDAM



(NEW YORK), 1651.

When you leave, please leave this book
Because it has been said
"Ever'thing comes t' him who waits
Except a loaned book."

OLD YORK LIBRARY — OLD YORK FOUNDATION

The CRIES of NEW-YORK.



Coming! coming! quick or be gone!

Hope you are willing

To give me a shilling

For my Peace — — — Indeed!

For you can't read

You may go to the Cook

You shall have the Book

NEW-YORK.

Printed by S. KNEV. A?/P?/F?/llon 80

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THE NEW YORK

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OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK



THE
CRUES
OF
NEW-YORK.

Illustrated by Fifteen Original Designs.
by Knickerbocker.



NEW-YORK.
Published by S KING.
1830.

EVERY
CLASSICS
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STRAWBERRIES.

Do you want any Strawberries,

Around the town I yearly bear,

The first of Spring's sweet berries;

And thus to all announce my ware;

"Come buy my fine Strawberries."

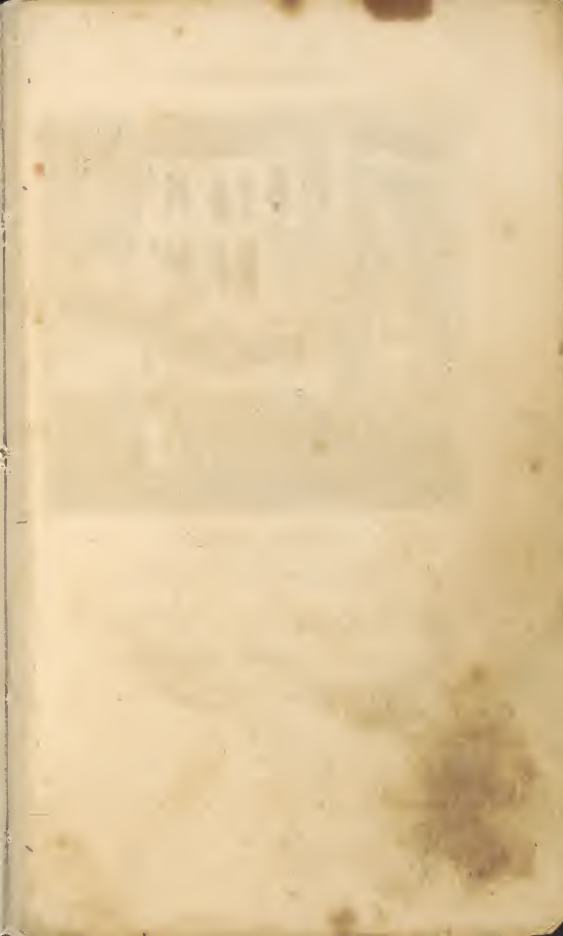


BUTTER MILK.

Here's Butter Mil Lick.

Here's your fine rich butter milk ,
A cooling wholesome drink ;
Better than gin or brandy strong ,
As our good Doctors think .







RADISHES.

Here's your Fine Radishes.

Radishes, Radishes, are my daily cry,
Turnip or carrot form you view;
All sorts and sizes I have for sale,
As fine as ever grew.



BAKED PEARS.

Baked Pears, Baked Pears.

Pears Baked in Syrup sweet,
Around the town I take;
From Lane to street from house to house,
A Livelihood to make.







HOT CORN.

Hot Corn here's your nice hot corn,

Come boys and girls now quickly come,

And buy my hot corn nice;

Twopence an ear is all I charge,

A treat of no great price.



WATER MELONS.

Here's your fine Water Millions.

Here's fine, ripe, red core Water Melons

From the wide spreading vine;

The red or white core, of me come buy,

Come buy my Melons fine.







MILK

Here's Mileck! Mileck!

Milk! Milk! this is a morning cry,
 And an addition sweet;
 To Tea or Coffee!— and to little boys,
 A very pleasant treat.



SWEET POTATOES

Carolina Potatoes Here's your fine Carolina's

Sweet Potatoes Carolina Potatoes,
Just from the warmer South;
Roasted or boiled no equal they have,
Sweetly they taste to the mouth.







BELL MAN.

Ding dong, ding dong,

My horse and cart your offals take;
And as I drive along
The well known bell the maids attend,
Toll, loll, doll, loll, ding dong.



OYSTERS.

Here's your good Oysters here they go

Here's your fat, good tasted oysters,

Yorkbank oysters, large and small ;

With such a great variety,

I'm sure to please you all .







SCISSORS GRINDER.

Jingle Jingle goes the Bell.

As I Sharply sound my little bell,
 The boys assemble round;
 Every feature Marking joy to see
 The knives and scissors ground.



SWEEP.

Sweep O! O! O!

Hard is our fate, each morn we rove,

Through sunshine, frost or snow;

With bag at back and brush in hand,

And cry Sweep sweep O! O!







WATCHMAN.

Twelve O'clock and all's well.

The watchman goes his nightly rounds,
While we do soundly sleep;
From fire and thieves and robbers bold,
Your property to keep.



FIRE .

Fire! Fire! Fire!

The active Fireman here you see ,
Exerting every nerve;
To stop the spreading of the flames,
And thus the City serve.



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